

# Honesty in Distress:

BUT

Reliev'd by no Party.

A

## TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED on the Stage of the  
World.

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ACT I. SCENE *the Palace.*

Honesty alone. Honesty and a Courtier. Honesty and a  
Lady. Honesty and a Footman. Honesty alone.

ACT II. SCENE *Westminster-Hall,*  
*with the Court sitting.*

Honesty among the Lawyers. The Lawyers Speeches con-  
cerning Honesty. Honesty and a ruin'd Client.

ACT III. SCENE *a City.*

Honesty begging along the City. Honesty and a Linnen-  
Draper. A precise Apothecary and his Man. Honesty  
and an Ale-house Keeper. Honesty and a Grocer. Ho-  
nesty and a Hosier. Honesty and the Merchants. Ho-  
nesty starved to Death.

---

To which is added,

A S A T Y R

AGAINST THE

Corrupt Use of M O N E Y.

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# Honesty in Distress:

A

# TRAGEDY.

The PROLOGUE Spoken by a MISER  
going to receive Money.

I'm in great haste, good Friends, yet cannot chuse,  
But stay one Moment just to tell you News :  
Dame Honesty to Day, but wond'rous poor,  
Wrap'd up in Rags, came muping to the Door ;  
What tatter'd Maukin have we here ? said I,  
Poor Honesty, says she, both Cold and Dry.  
Then Honesty, said I, pray go thy ways,  
I ne'er got Three-pence by thee in my Days :  
I might have starv'd, I'm sure, long since for thee,  
And now thou wantest, thou e'en may'st starve for me,  
The squeamish Gypsie presently took snuff,  
And turn'd her Back upon me in a Huff.  
Whether she's rambl'd Heaven knows, for me,  
She's not amongst you there, as I can see ;  
Neither in Boxes, Galleries, or Pit,  
In the huge Crowd of Fools that gaping sit ;  
Or can I find her out amongst your Men of Wit.  
If in the Audience she has stol'n a Place,  
And durst in Play-House show her honest Face,  
Amongst the Ladies sure she would appear ;  
But, faith and troth, I cannot spy her there :  
Yet tho' she's hard to find, I dare engage  
You'll see her by and by upon the Stage ;  
But cloath'd in Woollen Rags, no Linen under,  
A Begging too, but that will prove no Wander ;

For



(4.)

*For in this Iron-Age we daily see  
That Knav'ry gets the start of Honesty ;  
And, like our wiser Leaders, I protest,  
Does always side with those that thrive the best.  
Could I but stay, I would provoke your Laughter,  
And tell you more of what you'll find hereafter ;  
But the Time's come, and I must move from hence,  
To fill this Bag with the commanding Pence ;  
For he that in our Christian City thrives,  
Must run when Int'rest, that dear Devil, drives.*

---

ACT I. SCENE a Palace.

*Enter Honesty alone.*

**F**rom Anch'rites lonely Caves, from Hermits Cells,  
And Rural Huts, where sweet Contentment dwells,  
From Consecrated Groves and Heav'nly Meads,  
Where no vile Wretch, or lustful Harlot treads ;  
But where kind Turtles murmur out their Love,  
And Saints contemplate on the Joys above ,  
Where Good Men oft retire to shun the Rge  
And noisy Tumults of a barb'rous Age,  
That undisturb'd they calmly may sit down,  
Freed from the dire Confusions of the Town.  
From these blest Shades, where Vertue, Peace and Love  
Embrace each other, and united move,  
In this plain homespun Dress to Court I'm come,  
Thus wander'd in my Clouted Shoes from Home.  
How stately does this ancient Palace look !  
How sweet those Walks, how pleasant yonder Brook !  
How large and lofty are the Rooms design'd !  
How richly are the Walls with Tap'stry lin'd !  
How easie do the Beds and Couches seem !  
How all Things merit Rev'rence and Esteem !  
How costly Art does thro' the whole appear !  
Sare *Honesty* must needs be welcome here.

What mighty Man is stepping from his Coach !  
This Way he makes his fortunate Approach ;

In



In melting Words I'll let him know my Case,  
And beg him to relieve my sad Distress.

Good noble Sir, behold a wretched Maid,  
Who prostrate on my Knees implores your Aid;  
Friendless and poor, a Stranger and forlorn,  
Empty my Pocket, and my Garment torn;  
When, cold and hungry, I for Pity call,  
I'm but despis'd and frown'd upon by all;  
Check'd by Great Men, by ev'ry Knave abus'd,  
By Tradelmen slighted, by the Mob misus'd.  
Fawn'd on in Publick by each flatt'ring Beast,  
But snub'd in private as an odious Guest:  
Highly commended to the list'ning Crowd,  
But slowly follow'd, tho' extol'd so loud;  
Prais'd by their Tongues, but by their Deeds disgrac'd,  
Approv'd, but seldom heartily embrac'd.

My own ungrateful Sex express their Hate,  
And seem well-pleas'd with my dejected State:  
In their loose Thoughts my Vertues they disdain,  
And Copy all my modest Looks with Pain:  
Yet to seem like me is their chiefest Pride,  
Tho' with my Name they oft their Vices hide;  
But now these Wants and Mis'ries I feel,  
Few Women love me with a Cordial Zeal,  
But, like base Men, on my Misfortunes frown,  
And let me rove neglected up and down;  
Therefore, I'm wand'red from afar to Court,  
To beg Relief among the nobler Sort;  
For where shou'd injur'd *Honesty* retreat  
For Shelter, but amongst the Rich and Great;  
If they their Pity to a Wretch deny,  
Where must wrong'd Innocence for Succour fly.

*Courtier.*

You muping lazy Slut, how came you here?  
How dare you in such Rags address a Peer?  
Your Name, without Enquiry, I can guess,  
From your thin Jaws and despicable Dress:  
You're a bold forward Baggage, on my Word,  
To crave Reception here, when you're abhor'd.  
Alas, thou'rt grown e'en scandalous of late,  
And thy stale Charms obnoxious to the State.

The



The hidebound Rules and Principles you boast,  
 Are quite exploded and entirely lost ?  
 To Kings and Nobles they have done much Hurt,  
 And always prov'd destructive to the Court;  
 Monarchs on thy Account have been undone,  
 When e'er caress'd thou'rt fatal to the Throne.  
 Some Princes have resign'd the Golden Prize,  
 Rather then let thee fall a Sacrifice,  
 But always have been blam'd for keeping true,  
 To such a weak and helpless Wretch as you ;  
 For Scepters are no longer safe we see  
 Then Int'rest is preferr'd to *Honesty*.

Wer't thou allow'd in Courts to pry about,  
 No Office shortly would be worth a Groat.  
 Our num'rous Slaves would be reduc'd to few,  
 And our Six Horses dwindle into Two ;  
 Therefore conceal thy Wants and disappear,  
 For should some craving Courtiers see you here,  
 They'd charge you with a Plot, and swear you came  
 To set the Court and Kingdom in a Flame.  
 Depart with speed, before you give Offence,  
 Lest *Policy* and *Int'rest* drive thee hence,  
 Make the rude Soldiers hoot you from the Court,  
 And make your poor Condition but their Sport ;  
 Vertue and Rags Great Souls alike abhor,  
 Honour and Wealth are the Idols we adore ;  
 Begone, I say, the airy wanton She  
 Is far more welcome here than *Honesty*.  
 For Refuge fly within the City Walls,  
 There mend their Measures and reform their Scales ;  
 Reprove their Compters for immod'rate Fees,  
 And give their Traders better Consciences ;  
 Teach Loyalty till truly 'tis embrac'd,  
 Reclaim their Wives, and keep their Daughters chaste.  
 Ne'er mind the Court, for our aspiring Souls  
 Must wander far beyond thy narrow Rules.

[Exit Courtier.]

*Honesty* alone.

What sad Returns to my Complaint I hear,  
 That drown my greatest Hopes in wild Despair ;

The



The higher Rank, tho' nobly Bred, I see,  
 Regard not poor distressed *Honesty*.  
 Wrapt up in Int'rest they my Worth despise,  
 And o'er my Head to Wealth and Honour rise;  
 Condemn my Vertues, brand me as a Cheat,  
 And let me mourn and perish at their Feet.

But see! some gallant Lady moves this way,  
 Tho' 'tis in vain, I'll t'other Moment stay;  
 How glorious she appears, she must, I see,  
 Great Quality by her Attendance be.  
 Good *Heav'n* with melting words inspire my Tongue,  
 That I may move her as she treads along  
 To shew some Pity and redress my Wrong.

*Enter Lady and Attendance.*

[*Honesty begins her Suit.*

Brightest of Beauties I have yet beheld,  
 To a poor Virgin some Compassion yield;  
 Pity a Wretch that's void of all Offence,  
 Who knows no Crime, but lives in Innocence.  
 Tho' thus reduc'd, from all Corruptions freed,  
 And a pure Maid in very Thought and Deed;  
 Banded from House to House, from Town to Town,  
 Pity'd by few but entertain'd by none.  
 Pelted by th' Rabbles as I pass the Street,  
 And mock'd by ev'ry Scoundrel that I meet,  
 My Nature and my Name do well agree,  
 The Character I bear is *Honesty*.  
 My Life is Vertuous, and my Actions Just,  
 I hope for *Heav'n*, and in Gods I trust;  
 Yet by the angry Fates thus low I'm hurl'd,  
 And know no one true Friend in all the World;  
 Therefore, sweet Lady, I your Friendship crave,  
 Such Beauty sure a tender Heart must have.

*The Lady turning to her Servants.*

How came this Wench within the Palace Gate?  
 How boldly does the tatter'd Gypsie prate!  
 With what strange Confidence the Maukin brags  
 Of her starch'd Vertue in her stinking Rags.

*Ladies Woman.*

A fancy Slut, I'll warr'nt her, to profess  
 Such stiff neck'd *Honesty* in that poor Dress; Ho-



Honour has Vertue always by the hand,  
 The latter can't without the former stand.  
 The Rich and Noble are the Chaste and Good,  
 The Nedy can't be Honest if they wou'd;  
 When Money tempts, they conquer all Restraints,  
 And sacrifice their Vertue to their Wants.  
 Madam, ne'er mind her Talk, poor silly Soul,  
 The ragged Saint is but some Soldier's Trull.  
 By Laziness and Vice reduc'd to Want,  
 And comes to mount the Guard with her Gallant,  
 Foh! nasty thing, dissembling, lying Jade;  
 Bold Hussy, she in thought and Deed a Maid!  
 Madam, you stand too near the frowzy Minx;  
 If this be *Honesty* I'll swear she stinks.

[Exit Lady and Attendance.

*The Footman to Honesty at going off.*

Poor Wretch, begone, they'll make thee but their Sport,  
*Honesty's* always ridicul'd at Court.  
 No Beggars here succeed in what they crave,  
 But the designing Jilt and flatt'ring Knave.

*Honesty alone.*

Unhappy Wretch; O miserable me!  
 That my own Sex should so censorious be!  
 Hardhearted Woman! how could she express  
 Such cruel Thought that add to my Distress?  
 Were her own Ills to publick Eyes made clear,  
 How monstrous would the vicious Wretch appear!  
 For none but those to wicked Courses bent,  
 Would wrongfully accuse the Innocent.  
 How soon the Courtly Dame could give an Ear,  
 To her Proud Confident and Flatterer.  
 Those who on Sycophants for truth rely,  
 Must be in most things basely led awry;  
 For where the Fav'rites sure to be believ'd,  
 The Great by false Reports must be deceiv'd,  
 By Flatteries and Tales are to see,  
 Not what Things are, but what they'd have them be.

A Soldier's Trull! alas, I am amus'd;  
 To find, by my own Sex, I'm thus abus'd;  
 Man's sordid Sights teach me not half so hard,  
 Cause *Honesty's* esteem'd a Woman's Guard;

The



The only Friend the Charming Fair can trust,  
 And the sure Guide to keep their Actions just;  
 But since to be despis'd and made their Sport,  
 Is all the Welcome I can find at Court,  
 Along those shady Walks I'll make my way,  
 That do to yonders lofty Pile convey,  
 Where Scarlet Justice does the Bench ascend,  
 To hear the smooth-tongu'd Advocates contend,  
 And bring each weighty *Difference* to its doubtful End.  
 What tho' at Court I've met with small Regard,  
 Where fawning Slaves and Flatt'ers seek Reward,  
 Yet how can Honesty ill Usage fear,  
 Where Equity and Law in Pomp appear.

[Exit Honesty]

A C T II. SCENE Westminster-Hall, with the Court  
*sitting.*

*Enter Honesty among the Lawyers.*

Hon. **H** Ark how the wranling Tongues of Council  
 [bawl

In every crowded Corner of the Hall;  
 What Pains they take t'unfold each knotty Case,  
 And give their Client's Cause an honest Face;  
 Whilst the contending Foes, 'twixt Hope and Fear,  
 Creep up behind, the learn'd Debates to hear;  
 Flatter'd one Moment that the Day's their own,  
 Tremble the next, lest Cast and quite undone;  
 So doubtful Gamesters, 'twixt the Chance and Main,  
 Now fear they lose, next Minute hope to gain.  
 What shall I say to sooth this learned Throng,  
 Assembled to distinguish Right from Wrong;  
 I know not how to Application make,  
 Tho' I for Succour pine, I fear to speak.  
 Yonder a Knot of grizly Sages stand,  
 Consulting of some weighty Cause in Hand,  
 I'll Courage take, and with a Pauper's Face,  
 Open to th' grave Cabal my wretched Case.

Dear worthy Sirs, whose sable Garments shew,  
 You Justice in her glorious Tracts pursue,

B

And



And (learn'd i'th' Nations crabbed Laws) delight  
 To ease th' Oppress'd, and do the Injur'd right,  
 Behold a wandering Maid, tho' lov'd of Heav'n,  
 In this base World from Post to Pillar driven,  
 Hungry and Cold for want of Food and Fire,  
 And thus disguis'd in scandalous Attire ;  
 At Court in vain I humbly sought Relief,  
 But there they only added to my Grief,  
 Despis'd my Rags, were deaf to my Complaints,  
 And made my Sins the Authors of my Wants ;  
 Tho' Heaven, that knows the Secrets of my Breast,  
 Can witness, tho' I'm poor, I'm truly chaste.  
 This severe Usage made me quit the Court,  
 And hither fly, where Justice does resort,  
 In hopes poor Vertue, thus oppress'd, might find,  
 Your worthy Robes more merciful and kind.

*One Lawyer to another.*

The dirty Pug may serve Love's Fire to quench ;  
 Faith, Brother, 'tis a wondrous pretty Wench :  
 She'll soon leave Begging when she knows the Town,  
 Such Looks will make a tatter'd Smock go down.

*Second Lawyer.*

Fie, Brother, fie, you talk, upon my Life,  
 As wild as if you'd quite forgot your Coif ;  
 W're old, and shou'd dispise that youthful Thought,  
 And tho' we can't, the World will think we ought.

*Third Lawyer.*

For shame, don't raise such Blushes in the Maid,  
 She thinks 'tis time that our Colt's Teeth were shed.  
 Tho' sixty odd, I such a Lass could please, [Aside  
 And make her know that an old Rat loves Cheese.  
 Tell us, my pretty Maid, from whence you came,  
 The Cause of thy Distress, and what's thy Name ?

[To Hon.

*Honesty.*

On distant Plains till now I've liv'd conceal'd,  
 Which, with due Labour, Food and Raiment yield ;  
 Born of a Race Divine, tho' poor and bare,  
 Justice and Mercy my Relations are ;  
 No Prince on Earth a nobler Kin can boast,  
 Tho' now, in sad Distress, I'm almost lost.

Vertue



*Vertue* and *Truth* my loving Sisters be,  
And, tho' thus wretched, I am *Honesty*,  
Come hither in this despicable Dreſs,  
In hopes, with Pity, you would hear my Caſe.

*First Lawyer.*

*Honesty*! Brethren, there's a ſawcy Jade:  
What Buſ'neſs has ſhe here? why ſure ſhe's mad!  
Did ever ſuch a brazen Minx appear  
Before i'th' publick Hall at *Westmiſter*?

*Second Lawyer.*

Begone, bold Huſſy, or I'll move my L—d,  
To give your Impudence its juſt Reward.  
How dare you ſhow that deſpicable Face,  
Where Gown-men triumph, and the Law takes place?

*Third Lawyer.*

Hang her a Jilt, when ſhe was valu'd here,  
And carefully preſerv'd by Pr— and Pe—,  
We painful Lawyers labour'd but in vain,  
And were the Peoples Slaves for little Gain,  
Took mod'rate Fees, not daring to encroach,  
And hither gladly trudg'd without a Coach;  
But ſince the Jade was baniſh'd by the Gown,  
And wanders like an Outlaw up and down,  
You ſee our Tongues are valu'd at ſuch Rates,  
That by the Law we now can gain Eſtates.

[*Turning to Honesty.*]

Begone, bold Vagrant, with thy frightful Looks,  
Thou'rt but a Maukin here that ſcares the Rooks;  
Preſume no more within theſe Walls to come,  
But let ſome Pariſh Alms-houſe be thy Home;  
For *Honesty*, whiſt indigent and bare,  
Muſt ne'er expect to find Compaſſion here.

[*Honesty sneaks off and speaks aside.*

*Honesty.*

Would I again from humane ſight was hid,  
In ſome dark Gloom where ſoft Meanders glide,  
That gen'rous Nature, ſo profuſely Good,  
Might from its wild Exub'rance yield me Food;  
Amongſt the Reeds and Flags I'd Raiment find,  
And with my Fingers weave them to my Mind;



For who, enrich'd with Jewels of Content,  
 Needs dainty'r Food or costly Ornament.  
 The feather'd Choir, with their harmonious Lays,  
 Should sweeten Life and bless my happy Days;  
 And the kind Murmurs of the neighbouring Streams,  
 At Night should lull me into pleasing Dreams:  
 Nature's wild Off-spring should around me graze,  
 And hurtless on a harmless Creature gaze;  
 But where no Humane Monster should be found,  
 To vex my Life and curse the happy Ground:  
 For oh! how base and faithless must they be,  
 Who look with such Disdain on *Honesty*.

But since by Fate, at present, I'm decreed,  
 Amongst the cruel Race to seek my Bread,  
 I'll move the meaner Classis e'er I go,  
 Whose Hearts, perhaps, may more Compassion show,  
 Here comes a Tribe of busie Agents on,  
 Who bustle in a Sphere beneath the Gown:  
 I'll try if I with them can intercede,  
 For those that spare to speak must miss to speed.

Dear, Sirs, with Eyes of Pity, pray behold  
 A Wretch near perish'd with the Winter's Cold;  
 Who wanders up and down, but cannot find  
 The frozen World to Charity inclin'd.  
 Once was I nurs'd with Tenderness and Care,  
 And as a Darling valu'd ev'ry where:  
 Hug'd by the Tradesman, Scholar and the Saint,  
 Priz'd as the happy Author of Content,  
 But now, alas! expos'd to Misery and Want.  
 Poor *Honesty's* the Moral Name I bear,  
 And all my Actions consentaneous are.  
 Let your Compassion therefore ease her Grief,  
 Who sues in *Forma Paup'ris* for Relief.

*First Attorney.*

Zooks, Brother Snap, a Wonder, I protest!  
 Pray look behind thee, here's a welcome Guest,  
 A scurvy Omen, Heavens mend us all,  
 To've *Honesty* amongst us in the Hall.  
 Who could ever thought that she shou'd dare  
 To show her starving Face at *Westminster*.



*Second Attorney.*

I'll warn't the Baggage comes to pry about,  
 And, like a Pickthank, find our Failings out :  
 Let us but hide our Bills, and we are safe,  
 She may beg on and whine, we'll win and laugh.

*Third Attorney.*

Thou'rt a young troublesome bold Slut, withdraw,  
 Such Vagrants should be punish'd by the Law.  
 Go keep the City-Knaves from Coz'nage free,  
 We've nothing here to do with *Honesty*.  
 Should yon Great Men but see your startling Face,  
 They'd teach you to defile this sacred Place.

[*Honesty is whispers'd in the Ear by a ruin'd Client.*]

Sweetheart, let me advise thee to retire,  
 For *Honesty's* a perfect Scarecrow here,  
 Whilst Law such Crowds of griping Wolves supports,  
 And such litigious Swarms surrounds her Courts,  
 Thou canst from them no more for Pity hope,  
 Than Hereticks for Mercy from the Pope :  
 I heard with much Concern thy sad Complaint,  
 And gladly would relieve thee, but I can't :  
 The rav'nous Law has swallow'd up my Store,  
 And in Pursuit of *Justice* left me poor.

[*Honesty aside.*]

Hard-hearted Scribes, how sordid and unkind !  
 Did ever Wretch such cruel Usage find !  
 How can the Great, the Grave, the Learn'd, the Wise,  
 That do to rich and lofty Stations rise,  
 Look down with Scorn, and such Ill-nature show  
 To *Honesty*, that starving creeps below ?  
 O! would but Heaven to wealthy Men reveal  
 The Wants which some poor harmless Wretches feel,  
 The rigid Miser would unbolt his Door,  
 And bid a hearty Welcome to the Poor.

Tho' I have all these Disappointments met,  
 And on the lowest Step of Scorn I'm set,  
 I'll chear my Heart, and thro' the City range,  
*Honesty* yet may be esteem'd on *Change* :  
 For since starv'd *Charity* is grown so cold  
 Amongst Great Men, we Beggars must be bold.

[*Exit Honesty.*]



A C T III. *Scene a City.**Honesty Begging along the City.*

**D**ear tender Citizens some Comfort spare  
 To a poor Object worthy of your Care :  
 Beneath my Mis'ries may you never fall,  
 But still command the Choice of *Leaden-Hall*.  
 Pray pity that forlorn and friendless She,  
 Th' uncharitable World calls *Honesty*.  
 Behold my feeble Limbs, and meager Face,  
 My naked Feet, my cold and tatter'd Dress :  
 Open your Hearts, your Charty extend,  
 That in this poor Condition I may find,  
 Within these ancient Walls, some Christian Friend.

*Linen-Draper.*

*Honesty* ! with a Pox to her, run *Tom*,  
 And fetch a Pail of Water, or the Broom ;  
 If she comes hither, wash the lazy Whore,  
 Or sweep the dirty Baggages from the Door,  
 Let her not step within the Shop be sure ;  
 For, as I live, I know the hide-bound Jade,  
 If countenanc'd, would spoil the Linen-Trade :  
 Nun-like she scorns to wear a Smock, we see,  
 'Tis more th' effect of Pride than Poverty.  
 We shall have Jilts to the same Fashion brought,  
 Because, like her, they would be honest thought :  
 And, in good Faith, should they no Linen wear,  
 Our Wives would soon be forc'd to go as bare.

*[A precise Apothecary to his Man.]*

*Theophilus*, on due precogitation,  
 'Twill be conducing to our Preservation,  
 That you step backward to the Rubbish-Hovel,  
 And thence advance the longest Paring-shovel ;  
 For *Honesty*, that squeamish Jade, I see,  
 Is, God be thank'd, reduc'd to Beggary.  
 She mendicates this way, I fear she'll stop,  
 To crave a dram of Comfort at my Shop,  
 But, pray, besure you give her not a drop.



If she assumes the Impudence to come  
 And ask for me, respond, I'm not at home;  
 For should the Jade behind the Compter run,  
*In verbo Medici*, we'er quite undone;  
 She'll fracture all my Pots, confound my Pills,  
 And in a Rage, incin'rate all my Bills.

[*Honesty aside.*]

The City too are heedless of my Wants:  
 Sure all Mankind are deaf to my Complaints.  
 How they sneak back, and downwards cast their Eyes,  
 And stop their Ears against my mournful Cries.  
 Alas! how hateful are the Just and poor,  
 To wealthy Knaves that wallow in their Store.

[*A Vintner to the Bar-keeper and his Servants.*]

Nouns, Wife, go lay the double Chalk aside,  
 The Rolls of eighteen to the dozen hide.  
 Here, Jack, Tom, Harry, Will, ye careless Rogues,  
 Make haste and take away the little Mugs,  
 Here's *Honesty* approaching, by my troth,  
 Who knows but she may call to quench her drowth;  
 And if she should, we must not shut the Door,  
 The Tap's a Servant even to the Poor;  
 You know our Licence binds us to obey  
 The meanest Vassals, if they can but Pay;  
 Therefore hide all things that may do us harm,  
 Who knows but the sly Gypsie may inform.  
 I've heard the Jade does many a Man undo,  
 I dread her more than all my Lord-M--r's Crew.  
 O ho! I think my Stars she's past my Door,  
 Now, as you were, my Lads, the danger's o'er.

[*Honesty aside.*]

Bless me! how all the City seems amus'd,  
 And scowre about in sholes, as if confus'd:  
 How frightful is my honest Aspect grown,  
 That men in such disorder from me run,  
 Gaze with a seeming hatred on my Face,  
 And, like Infection, shun me as I pass!

[*A Grocer to his next Neighbour a Hosier.*]

Adsnigs! here's *Honesty* amongst us come,  
 Why can't the lousie Carrion keep at home?

Neigh-



Neighbour, methinks, 'ts both a shame and pity  
 Such Vagrants should be suffer'd in the City.  
 Should she come near my Shop, upon my word,  
 I'd take the laxy Trull before my Lord ;  
 For he, I'm sure, will countenance no Jade,  
 That's such an open Enemy to Trade :  
 Were she allow'd to scout and pry about,  
 What must become of all my damag'd Fruit ?  
 Or if a Weight should chance to prove to light,  
 Why should she think herself affronted by't ;  
 The Buyer ought to lose, because 'tis plain,  
 We can't grow Rich without immod'rate Gain :  
 And who wou'd be that Drudge ('esaith not I)  
 To live a Retale Slave, and a poor Beggar dye ?

*Hosier.*

Should we not take the liberty (God knows)  
 To put off *Leicesterhire* for *Strawbridge* Hosiery,  
 And use some other little flights, our Trade  
 Would scarce produce fat Fowls to grease our Bread ?  
 And must Dame *Honesty*, forsooth, give Rules,  
 Which, if observ'd, would make us starving Fools ;  
 E'en let her Beg, and hug her Misery,  
 I'm sure she shall have no support from me.

[*Honesty enters the Exchange.*]

Good Pious Christians, who are hither come,  
 From all the Trading parts of *Christendom*,  
 Listen with pity to the sad Complaint  
 Of *Honesty*, reduc'd to Rags and Want :  
 My hopes of Succour have at last been crost,  
 Relieve me now, or I'm for ever lost,

*First Merchant.*

Prithee, Sweetheart, thy hideous Cries forbear,  
 I doubt thou'lt find but cool Reception here ;  
 Come not to *Change*, but to our Churches go,  
 And let the Clergy thy Condition know,  
 They should thy chiefest Benefactors be,  
 They're Charitable Saints, but Traders we,  
 Who can have no Regard to *Honesty*.

*Second Merchant.*

Prithee disturb us not with Sighs and Tears,  
 We know you've starv'd in *England* many Years ;

You



You take wrong Measures, and are much deceiv'd;  
 If you expect, on *Change*, to be reliev'd;  
 For *Honesty* and Trade move diff'rent Ways,  
 And where one thrives, the other soon decays.

*Third Merchant.*

To Cells and Cloisters you your Course shou'd steer,  
 Alas, we have no Bus'ness for thee here :  
 Or else abroad to our Plantations fly,  
 And in our Western Isles thy Fortune try ;  
 You'll prove a Stranger in that sultry Air ;  
 And Strangers always are almost welcome there.  
 You see *Old England* frowns upon thy Wants,  
 Visit the *New*, and try the *Boston* Saints :  
 Conceal thy Name, and thou may'st there grow rich,  
 But if thou'rt known they'll burn thee for a Witch :  
 Poor *Honesty's* despis'd, if once reveal'd,  
 And can be no where safe conceal'd.

*Honesty.*

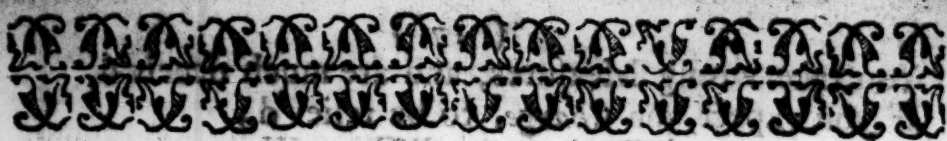
O wicked Age! that *Honesty* should find,  
 So little Charity amongst Mankind :  
 Poor *Indians*, whom the Christian World deride,  
 That follow Nature as their only Guide,  
 Untaught by Scriptures, unimprov'd by Schools,  
 But from dim Reason draw their doubtful Rules ;  
 Sure such wild savage Slaves, who little know  
 Of Heaven's Laws, would much more Pity show,  
 Then let poor Innocence become their Sport,  
 And perish thus for want of due Support.

[*Honesty falls down.*]

O cruel City! to refuse your Aid  
 To a starv'd Wretch, to this sad End betray'd,  
 Impending Mischiefs threaten you, take heed,  
 Lest when I'm gone your Ruin shou'd succeed ;  
 For Kingdoms do from me their Strength derive,  
 And Towns, without me, never long can thrive :  
 But since I'm hated, slighted and abus'd,  
 And by all Parties thus severely us'd,  
 I'm call'd aloft, where I with speed must go,  
 And leave you to repent your Ills below.

[*She dies.*]






# THE EPILOGUE.

**P**oor Honesty, she's gone, we've seen her last,  
Her Wants are ended, and her Mis'ries past :  
Many, I hear, at her sad Exit griev'd,  
Who never could endure her whilst he liv'd ;  
For Knaves, like Shears, whose Edges are so keen,  
Must cut themselves, as we have often seen,  
For want of Honesty to put between :  
For now she's gone, say they, w've Cause to fear,  
All Men will prove as errant Knaves as we are ;  
And then warm Fars and Struggles must arise,  
About which Knaves must be the other's Prize.  
Like Privateers, they care not to oppose  
Each other, 'cause there's nothing got but Blows.  
Sharks hate to bite at Sharks ; the Wolf, we find,  
Cares not, tho' hungry, to assault his Kind ;  
But now poor Honesty is snatch'd away,  
'Tis well if Men don't prove worse Brutes than they.







# SATYR

Against the

## Corrupt Use of Money.

**M**ONEY! thou universal *Indian* Curse,  
That flies the Poor, and fills the Miser's Purse,  
That tempts the needy Rogue to meet his Fate,  
And makes the wary prosp'rous Villain great;  
That sets the Dunce, the Coward, and the Knave,  
Above the Wise, the Honest, and the Brave,  
And makes the learn'd experienc'd Head bow low  
To empty upstart Fools that nothing know.

*Money*, long since, the vast Distinction gave  
Betwixt the mighty Noble and the Slave;  
'Twas thee the Lordly Difference first began,  
And set the Master so above the Man;  
Not Right, but Riches gave to some the Sway,  
And makes the starving Multitude obey;  
'Tis Wealth alone does at such distance Place  
The Country Gaffer from his Courtly Grace,  
For pompous Titles (tho' conferr'd by Kings)  
Uncrown'd with solid Wealth, are empty Things;  
Such Royal Marks no Pauper's Wants can skreen,  
But make the Wretch more despicable mean:  
Badges of Honour haughty Minds may please,  
But wiser Heads scarce think them with their Fees.  
'Tis true, the City oft sends forth a Tool,  
Who barter Money to be dub'd Sir Fool;



But what vain Prodigal would humour Pride  
 At such Expence, except to please his Bride :  
 But if the Knight grows poor, the stately Toy,  
 Becomes the Scorn of ev'ry Prentice Boy ;  
 For needy Honour, like a King subdu'd,  
 Moves but Contempt and Laughter in the Crowd :  
 'Tis Wealth alone that raises our Esteem,  
 It gives all Pow'r, and is the only Jem,  
 That adds an awful Lustre to the Diadem.

Gold is the Monarch, Argent is the Queen,  
 That rule the World and sway the Hearts of Men,  
 Princes themselves those *Indian* Gods adore,  
 And barter Christian Lives for Heath'nish Ore,  
 To stamp their sacred Image on their Coin,  
 That wicked Mammon, and the Prince Divine,  
 Join'd in one Piece, may both together shine :  
 But tho' the Gold's adorn'd with Royal Face,  
 Casting a watchful Eye tow'rds Heaven's Grace,  
 Yet in this Age each Idiot's grown so wise,  
 To know the Value in the Substance lies :  
 And if the Touchstone proves the Mettal base,  
 They prize no *Cesar's* Image, or God's Grace.

Gold, tho' so pow'rful, yet thou'rt oft misus'd,  
 By those that love thee most thou'rt most abus'd ;  
 The Miser, tho' he dotes upon thy Charms,  
 And with thy Looks his craving Fancy warms,  
 Yet places o'er thee his *Vulcanian* Guard,  
 And so close hugs thee that he gripes too hard.  
 So the fond Husband of a beauteous Wife,  
 To keep secure the Comfort of his Life,  
 Confines her close, or watches her with Spies,  
 Lest some should rob him of his charming Prize.

Money o'er Things bears a Sov'reign Sway,  
 And thro' the World makes needy Fools obey ;  
 Subdues as well the Avaritious Great,  
 And rules the Hearts of Kings, as they the State ;  
 Makes them oft brake those solemn Words they've given,  
 That should be binding as the Laws of Heaven ;  
 Dishonour that Majestick Pow'r they hold,  
 And wave their Scepters to the Idol, Gold.



Falſe flatt'ring Favouriteſ, who on Princes wait,  
 And by their Cringes make them ſeem more Great,  
 For baſe Bye-Ends their humble Fawnings pay,  
 Gold makes them bow, diſſemble, and obey,  
 And Gold, for which they ſerve, will tempt them to betray:  
 So the poor worthleſs Cur, for nothing good,  
 Fawns moſt, becauſe he leaſt deſerves his Food;  
 But when by ſome new Hand he's better fed,  
 He leaves his Maſter, who the Mungril bred.

Money, the Tyrant's Luſt, and Soul of Pow'r,  
 The Teeth by which the Rich the Poor devour,  
 The Judges Fav'rite, and the Client's Friend,  
 The Juries Conſcience, who the Cauſe muſt end;  
 Bag'd up in Bribes, around the Darling flies,  
 She talks, perſwades, ſhe conquers, and ſhe buys;  
 No adverſe Pauper can withſtand her Might,  
 The Cauſe ſh' eſpouſes moſt is always right:  
 Thus Juſtice, who is blind to either ſide,  
 Has now got Money for her partial Guide;  
 Gold leads the hoodwink'd Dame from Court to Court,  
 And makes the purblind Tool a publick Sport;  
 Who, in this Age, has loſt her Chriſtian Fame,  
 And is ſo chang'd ſhe's nothing but a Name,  
 Which griſly Foxes, by the Court made Great,  
 In awful Robes moſt gravely celebrate,  
 To cheat the fooliſh World, and ſerve the wiſer State.

Money! to make thy Empire more compleat,  
 The Heav'nly Siſters to thy Pow'r ſubmit;  
 Religion dotes on thy commanding Charms,  
 And Vertue ſeeks to hug thee in her Arms;  
 The craving Prelate, who againſt thee rails,  
 Calls the baſe Droſs, and damns thee Teeth and Nails,  
 Making thee ſeem, thro' his Scholaſtick Skill,  
 Hell's wicked Agent, and the Roor of Ill;  
 Yet tho' the Holy Satyr pelts thee more,  
 Then yawning Schiſmatick does Babel's Whore;  
 No ſooner from his Pulpit he deſcends,  
 But he eſteems thee beſt of all his Friends,  
 And ſtumbles at no Simony to gain  
 The Droſs he held ſo worthleſs and ſo vain,

But



But does the Church as well as World deceive,  
 And sells what only he has Right to give;  
 Which should the just Reward of Vertue be,  
 T'encourage Learning, Truth and Piety;  
 Inable Guides well qualify'd to preach,  
 Who strive to practice what they toil to teach;  
 Men who the Glory of the Church would raise,  
 Attend their Flocks, be watchful of their Strays,  
 And by their own correct Examples show,  
 God's Will they do, and Heaven's Laws they know.

But *Money*, thou in ev'ry Cause art All,  
 And Gold is now become Episcopal :  
 To Copes and Miters thou'rt a welcome Guest,  
 That makes them oft ordain a Dunce a Priest :  
 Triumphant o'er the Hierarchy it rides,  
 And fills Fat Livings but with Feeble Guides,  
 Who swell in Pulpits, where they proudly preach,  
 And with Contempt look down on those they teach.  
 Some grac'd with Scarves at unexperienc'd Years,  
 Disdain the Desk, and are too big for Pray'rs ;  
 Made Prodigal by Nobles, they profane  
 The Badge of Doctor, long before they're Men ;  
 Submit in private to their Patron's Gripe,  
 And gain good Livings e'er their Brains are ripe.  
 Well may the unlearn'd Layman worship Gold,  
 Since Christian Flocks, like Geese are bought and sold.  
 What Conscience will endure a starving Faith,  
 When Priests seek Heaven in a Golden Path ?  
 But where his Int'rest lies, that Church maintain,  
 And save himself as cheap as e'er he can.  
 Well may the foolish Sheep mistake their Way,  
 Since Mammon does the Belweathers betray,  
 And leads our Avaritious Guides astray.

In this good Age, when Christian Zealots join  
 In Clubs, to talk Religion o'er their Wine,  
 And pious Porters, when they meet, ne'er fail  
 To make it Nutmeg to their Toast and Ale,  
 Yet should a Calf, like *Aaron's*, be advanc'd,  
 Idolatry would soon be countenanc'd :



Let but the State, to try Man's Faith declare  
 Who worship'd should have Title to a share,  
 What stiffneck'd *Christian*, nay, what stubborn Priest,  
 Would not bow down before the wealthy Beast,  
 Rather than lose his Part of such a Golden Feast;  
 For Gold we know, like Heathens, hold Divine;  
 Tho' not in Calves, we worship it in Coin;  
 Then since the tempting Metal Man ensnares,  
 And not the Artificial Form it bears,  
 What's matter into what strange Shape 'tis made,  
 Whether a Calf, or stamp'd with *Caesar's Head*;  
 For by the Christian Law, the Sin's as great,  
 To worship *Caesar's* Image stamp'd on Plate,  
 And 'tis the Picture of a *Roman Goose*,  
 For Man's no more a De'ty than a Mouse.

Gold ! 'tis for thee our Counsels are betray'd,  
 Statesmen by thy kind Influence are sway'd;  
 Hearts that should secret as the Grave remain,  
 Break thro' their Oaths, discover all for Gain;  
 Few Tongues so faithful that can Silence hold,  
 When safely tempted to betray with Gold:  
 Grave Senators, tho' ne'er so Rich and Great,  
 Will still be nibbling at the shining Bait;  
 Its pleasing Lustre dazles Human Eyes,  
 And takes, sometimes, the Honest by Surprise;  
 Who by the glorious Sight are so o'er come,  
 They think of nothing but the pow'ful Summ;  
 Forget how vilely they abuse their Trust,  
 And think the Ills they are to do but Just.

For Gold, contending Factions toil and sweat,  
 And *Pro* and *Con* so painfully debate;  
 For thee the Crafty Quarrel with the Throne,  
 And to the Publick Good prefer their own;  
 Each steers and labours for the Golden Coast,  
 The main Dispute is, who shall gain the most:  
 'Tis Interest makes each Party disagree,  
 They clash, they jangle, and contend for thee;  
 All Sides would raise their Fortunes in the State,  
 The Weak behold the rising Pow'r with Hate,  
 And every Goose grows mad to see the Fox so great.

Those



Those in low Spheres impatient to aspire,  
 Watch all their Motions who are posted higher,  
 Seek to detect the Faults above,  
 And labour to procure a new Remove ;  
 Not that the publick Welfare is their Aim,  
 But that themselves may play the Game.  
 So Bowling Rooks can with no Patience rest,  
 To see their Adversary's Cast lie best,  
 But knock him from his Place by throwing home,  
 And with the End by lodging in his Room.

The lesser Fry who can no Merit plead,  
 But follow those 'tis their Desire should lead ;  
 They too inspir'd with Envy at the rest,  
 Calumniate those in higher Stations blest,  
 And when 'twill serve that Int'rest they adore  
 They shew their Teeth tho' destitute of Pow'r,  
 And sit like Mungrils barking at the Moon,  
 In hopes to fetch the Ruling Party down ;  
 These but like Finders to the Greyhounds fare,  
 They beat the Bush, but others catch the Hare ;  
 Yet hopes of Pow'r deludes them to be Tools,  
 And makes Industrious Knaves of Busie Fools,  
 Who covet Places only for the Wealth  
 They think to gain by Bribery and Stealth ;  
 And from their own Principles accuse  
 Just Men of Ills themselves desire to use.  
 So sharpening Gamesters, who can Cog the Dice,  
 Expert in each sly fraudulent Device,  
 Suspect what others fairly win at play,  
 And think they use the same clandestine way.

The fighting Hero that delights in War,  
 Whose Sword's his Voucher, and his Pride his Scars,  
 Who dreads Dishonour more then sudden Fate,  
 And is by Blood and Wounds made desperate ;  
 Who boast of Towns and Battles he has won,  
 And rattles of the mighty Deeds h'as done,  
 To serve his King and Country, and secure  
 Our dear Religion from the *Romish* Pow'r ;  
 If Truth be canvas'd, Int'rest leads the Van,  
 And makes the Soldier such a valiant Man ;

Where



Where he's best us'd he thinks the Cause most right;  
 'Tis Pay and Hope of Plunder makes him fight;  
 And when the first of these Temptations fails,  
 Tho' in God's Cause, whole Legions turn their Tails,  
 Forget their Honour, which was once their Pride,  
 And fly for Succour to the richest Side.

War is the Sport of Kings and mighty Lords,  
 The Key that opens all the Nation's Hoards,  
 And those in Arms that in the Project join,  
 Fight not for Country, but their Countries Coin;  
 'Tis Hopes of Wealth that warms the Heroe's Veins,  
 In long cold Marches, and in wet Campaigns;  
 'Tis the rich Plunder that's within the Town,  
 That makes th' Assailants go so bravely on,  
 And not Religion, that's but a Pretence,  
 To make God's Lambs part freely with their Pence;  
 For those that wade thro' bloody Fields, maintain  
 They kill for Pay, and what they more can gain,  
 Or else the Priests might draw Religion's Sword  
 Themselves, to fight the Battle of the Lord;  
 And lazy Cits expose their own dear Lives,  
 To save their Wealth, their Daughters, and their Wives.  
 Few are of Ease so prodigal and vain,  
 To bear another's Burthen, and for Gain,  
 And were it not for Pay, few Heroes would be slain.

Money! it is by thy prevailing Aid,  
 Callow'd-chin'd Boys are Noble Captains made;  
 Much fitter to attend a Ladie's Train,  
 Then sturt before a Warlike Troop of Men,  
 Whose braver Hearts defies the Tender Chit,  
 To whom they're hardly destin'd to submit;  
 Whilst Men well Skill'd in Arms, who long have serv'd,  
 Want those Advancements they have well deserv'd,  
 And unregarded at a Distance stand,  
 Cringing to those they rather should Command.  
 Thus Gold in Armies often rules the Roast,  
 And lifts the Coward to the brave Man's Post.

Marriage, that should a Sanction give to Love,  
 That State which many try, but few approve,  
 But Money now's so mercenary mad,  
 Like Priests, both Sexes use it as a Trade;



With th' Old, the Ugly, Peevish, or Deform'd,  
 If beautify'd with Wealth, our Hearts are charm'd;  
 For Fortunes much superior to our own,  
 Are now the only Gifts we dote upon;  
 We ask not how Discreet, how Young, how Fair,  
 How Chast or Vicious, but how Rich they are?  
 Beauties kind Charms, as worthless Toys, we flight,  
 Because Experience proves Love's soft Delight,  
 Blesses but some dark Moments of the Night.  
 Riches, that welcome Jewel with a Bride,  
 Beauty outshines, and ev'ry Grace beside;  
 For most Men think the Fortune, not the Wife,  
 Is all th' Advantage Wedlock adds to Life.  
 In this loose Age few love so well to wed  
 Alone for the Blessings of the Marriage-Bed:  
 Great Men themselves their Honour bow to Gold,  
 And join their noble Blood t'ignoble Mould.  
 The Grasier's Heiress, with her Father's Hoard,  
 Is now a welcome Lady to my Lord:  
 The Daughter of a Cit, grown Rich by Trade,  
 May match at Court, and be a Dutche's made:  
 Honour's a Trifle, Vertue but a Dream,  
 Riches alone procures the World's Esteem:  
 Beauty's more fit to bless a Monarch's Bed,  
 Daily for Wealth with fumbling Dotage wed:  
 The Gallant Youth the Humpback'd Lady takes,  
 And, for her Gold, a flatt'ring Husband makes,  
 Fawns on his Female Chaos like a Slave,  
 And hugs the Lump he wishes in the Grave,  
 What she desires he liberally grants,  
 Relieves her Lust, and she supplies his Wants.  
 The Charming Maid, as Fortuneless as he,  
 As gladly joins with Rich Deformity,  
 Prostrates her Charms to some Babboon she hates,  
 And hugs the Clog her Soul abominates;  
 Bears all his Jealous Taunts he cannot hide,  
 To be a rich decrepid Miser's Bride:  
 Thus Beauties oft comply for filthy Gain,  
 To marry Elve, and cross the lovely Strain;  
 Producing what the World abhor to see,  
 A crooked, half-got, peevish Progeny,



Vertue, of which some squeamish Ladies boast,  
 Proud of that *insano quid* by others lost,  
 The force of all Love's Batteries may endure,  
 And stand behind *Bellona's* Shield secure,  
 Till Gold, the mighty Conqueror that subdues  
 The Cloister'd Maid, as well as those in Stews,  
 Attacks the Virgin in a pow'rful Sum,  
 And then she soon submits to be o'ercome:  
 Hugs the dear Man who with full Bags assails,  
 And by such kind and pleasing Means prevails;  
 Thus the proud Fair One, who has oft been try'd,  
 And courted by her Equals for a Bride,  
 Is often found too Cunning, or too Coy,  
 The Bliss of Love to lawfully enjoy,  
 Because her Hopes, which Youth and Beauty starve,  
 Aspire to what her Fortune can't deserve;  
 Thus Woman's Vertue is no more than Pride,  
 Which only can by Gold be gratify'd.

Money's the base Betrayer of Mankind,  
 It numbs our Senses, make our Reason blind,  
 Tempts us to hide those Ills we should declare,  
 And oft to speak what's Prudence to forbear;  
 Nay, makes us warmly labour to deceive  
 Others with what we don't our selves believe,  
 And in more weak Societies maintain  
 False Contradictions 'gainst the Truth that's plain,  
 Where we Dependance or an Int'rest have,  
 With honest Characters we hide the Knave;  
 And without cause, to serve our Purpose, stain  
 The Reputation of deserving Men:  
 This Man we flatter, t'other we abuse,  
 The Guiltless blame, the Guilty oft excuse:  
 Thus from all Truth and Honesty dissent,  
 To make our own Advantage the Event;  
 Abuse our Knowledge to mislead the Blind.  
 When mercenary Gain corrupts the Mind.

In Friendship we unite for Int'rest sake,  
 And when that fails, the feeble Chain we break;  
 Advantage ties the profitable Knot,  
 For nothing binds where nothing's to be got;  
 Our Friend we sooth, we flatter and caress,  
 And in kind Words our utmost Love express,

Whiff



Whilst he appears, as we our selves desire,  
 Blest with full Pockets cloath'd in spruce Attire;  
 But if once Poor, by fatal Chance, he's grown  
 Thredbare his Garments, and his Money flown,  
 We dread the Mortal knocking at our Door,  
 And shun the Wretch we so esteem'd before.  
 So the Kept-Mistress, when her Spark grows poor,  
 The Contract breaks, and vows she'll sin no more;  
 Thus from the ruin'd Fool withdraws her Charms,  
 To win new Cullies to her Lustful Arms.

Money! what Evils can on Earth be done,  
 But what by thee are finish'd or begun?  
 No Villany superlatively great,  
 Can be without thy cursed Aid complet;  
 Money, that Rebel, perfects the Design,  
 For Kings are ne'er undone but by their Coin.  
 'Twas Money temptred Judas to betray,  
 'Tis the false Guide that leads us all astray;  
 It makes the Priest grow negligent and proud,  
 Who damns for Evil what he holds for Good.  
 It bears in ev'ry Prince's Court such Sway,  
 No Poor can worship Mammon more than they,  
 Millions for Gold will falsify their Trust,  
 And L--ds turn Panders to their Sov'reign's Lust;  
 Vertue surrender at the first Attack,  
 Prevailing Gold soon flings her on her Back,  
 Tempts Youth and Beauty to exert her Charms,  
 And hug the Lustful Donor in her Arms,  
 No Age or Sex its Conqu'ring Pow'r withstands,  
 It guides the Lawyer's Tongues and Soldier's Hands,  
 And those that govern Kingdoms Sov'reign Gold  
 [commands.]



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